

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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WHOLE No. 17.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those that love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task that God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER V.

Helena's Letter to her Mother.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have just received your dear, good letter. You chide me, mother, for my long silence, and for not giving you a child's history of her goings and doings. All your complaints are just. Now I will report myself as a dutiful child should.

Before I left home I *tried* to coax my soul into submission to your wishes;—tried to go back to Aunt Jane; but it was of no use; the flesh was willing, but the spirit was as stubborn as a mule—it refused to move an inch in that direction. To spare your feelings, therefore, I *seemed* to acquiesce in your plans; but was contriving, meantime, to escape the fate of those who are put into the hands of a certain corps of teachers.

I left the stage at W— and turned Lowellwards. It seemed a little odd to find myself alone and a stranger in a large city; but you say "tis all fate." So I thought, and this thought consoled me. With the faith of a Christian and the trust of a child I gave myself into the keeping of destiny and followed—wherever the strange god led. I went to the Merrimac House without money sufficient to pay for sleeping; but that I should sleep soundly somewhere, I had no doubt.

I called at the Merrimac Counting Room and asked for employment. A gentleman there looked me through and through. He seemed to know, intuitively, that I was a fugitive from Aunt Jane's Institution; but a mercy angel, it may be, whispered "*deal gently* thou with the wayward heart," and the man of iron grew gentle as a child. He took me to the cloth room and I was booked for service. My next want was a boarding place. I did not much admire the noisy, crowded boarding houses, and so I gave myself again into the hands of destiny, and he dealt very kindly by your "runaway child." I found by accident a snug cottage in a quiet street, environed by trees, vines and flowers. These dear, dumb things told me that love, harmony and contentment dwelt in that miniature palace, and so I asked to be admitted also. And I am here. Mr. and Mrs. Stone are the presiding spirits. They are good, genuine souls. They do not interfere with me only in a roundabout way. Mr. Stone gives me, now and then, a Caudle lecture upon the cash saving system; and when I have any purchases to make Mrs. Stone has business in the same line; and then she tells me in the kindest, blindest way, the best method of investing my money. Now, mother, I like this way of doing things much better than to be told outright that I am a spendthrift and have poor judgment in making purchases.

I am a regular church-goer. Do you believe that? It will seem quite incredible, but it is, nevertheless, a truth. But I do not go to hear any of your long-faced, whining, frightening-to-heaven preachers. People call Mr. Thomas, the preacher, a Universalist; but he preaches as Mr. White used to talk and they called him an infidel. I know just nothing at all about the truth or falsity of his doctrines; but I do know that he is the incarnation of my ideas of a Christian. He is the friend of the poor and is so familiar with the children that they call him "brother Charles." You would be delighted to see a troop of poor children, on their way to "Br. Charles'" Sabbath school, in flannels and thick shoes—all the gift of the good minister. I rather think that Mr. Thomas is a *practical* Christian, which with some good souls is synonymous with infidel.

We have Social Meetings on Saturday evenings. I have found in them some few pleasant and valuable acquaintances. Lizzie Parker, a tall hazel-eyed girl, is one of the number. She has interested herself in me from pure pity. She, too, has been through Aunt Jane's Institution. She had too much spirit and self-respect to be years going through as I was, and so, like a true womanly girl, she slid through in three months. Lizzie's mother is much like mine, a real care-taker of all who come in her way. She looks after me a little to see if I, like the runaway children of Israel, go "dry shod" through the sea of mud and water.

Several of the young gentlemen in our "Circle" are Divinity students. They are all aspirational

souls—regular fame seekers. I have serious doubts about the propriety of their being preachers; they do not seem endowed with the priestly element. Young Carnbridge ought to be a play-actor. He is full of fun and mimicry; but he *thinks* he can turn his theatrical talents to account in the pulpit. George Emerson is a strong-hearted enthusiast. He sees great wrongs to be righted; but had he my womanly intuition he would see at a glance that the pulpit is no place to cry out against Scribes, hypocrites and money-changers;—they are the very men who pay for his bread and it is all-important to be at peace with them. But I do hope these preachers in embryo, will teach the gospel of peace, purity, love and brotherhood. I hope they will dethrone the cold-hearted Pope, (people call God) and put upon the throne a God we may not fear to approach. I want a God—I want something to love—something worthy of love. I do not, cannot, *will not* love the God of Moses. He is a Divine tyrant unworthy *my* love.

You will be shocked at the infidelity of your child, but I forget myself when I think of the being we are *trying* to love.

You ask how long I intend remaining here. Do not know. I am not delighted with my employment. My blistered feet and lame shoulders and stomach often protest against standing twelve of the twenty-four hours to mark and measure and lift and pack bales of cloth; but I silence the complaints by saying it is better thus to work than to be eating the bitter bread of dependence.

Tell father I fear his indignation but he must console himself, as I do, by the remembrance that I am your fate child. You marked out a thorny path and with bleeding feet I must, *I* will walk it uncomplainingly.

May be, mother dear, there is light ahead for me. Please take a look into the future and see if the next leap will be into the pit of misery or into a nice cosy home where I shall reign queen with none to say "Why do ye so?" Oh! I quite forgot that the probability is a *king* will be ruler of the little realm.

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.—Beautiful exceedingly, is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*—God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the *poet's* utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever lives in the thought.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

SEDUCTION.

This horrible crime at the very mention of which society shudders, has, under certain circumstances, become not only common but even popular.

Not long since it was well known that an individual of considerable notoriety in the east was guilty and even *boasted* of his success in securing his victim, and yet, not even a prayer for her relief was heard from the pulpit,—not a word of condemnation from the ever vigilant press so watchful over public morals—not a word of sympathy from the popular circles of society; and yet some of each of these were familiar with such facts as were necessary to establish a case of seduction as fatal as the fabled one of the snake and mother Eve.

A man of years and experience had by legal permit tried several times to induce different women to live with him, had them bound to love, serve and obey him; but they finding it impossible to submit to his cruelties or his lusts—quit him and retired to the graveyard to rest. He started in pursuit of more victims and found an artless, innocent, ardent and ambitious young orphan girl just blossoming into womanhood, whose soul had just begun to brighten into an appreciation of conjugal love, but who was ignorant of the laws and relations of the sexes, and of married life. This man, whose experience ought to have made him wise instead of wicked, with more alluring and deceptive promises and falsehoods than Judas used to betray Jesus or the snake to decoy Eve, induced her to consent, after a few days acquaintance and constant attendance on her, to go in her innocence and ignorance before a Priest who solemnly sold, because the statute allowed him to do so, for a mere pittance at the pulpit auction block the girl to the man, giving him legal control over her earnings, her clothes, her person; thus she in an unguarded moment, pressed by her necessities and coaxed by his false promises which he had neither the disposition nor the ability to fulfil, consented to—to what? not to be murdered, abused, brutally treated, but to be loved and to love—"But his love was lust, his troth a lie." Was she not seduced? If this is *not* seduction then the word does not reach the crime and we must have another. But says the popular supporter of good society, "she was his wife"—*she was his slave—his victim*; he had deceived her, allured her astray by false promises and misrepresentations of himself and his love, and thus seduced her and hired the pulpit and the press and *public gossip even*, to pass him and the crime by without censure or slander, by paying a priest for selling her to him before witnesses—But when her eyes are opened and she beholds herself sold, betrayed, bound, victimized by one of age and experience in whom she put confidence, and the stranger took her in; then she turned to her former friends and asked to be rescued from slavery;—but there is no underground railroad for her; she had committed the unpardonable sin of letting a priest sell her and after that her master could commit no crime against her but murder, nor even that if well secreted from detection. What the priest bound on earth is declared final for no priest can undo it; sometimes the law does, but when it does a terrible howl goes out from the pulpit that society is in danger and morals are sinking. How strange that seduction should be counted no crime when permitted by a priest or magistrate under the name and sanction of marriage.

Until marriage can be rescued and no longer used as a screen to hide the guilty, protect the wicked, sustain slavery and authorize seduction, it will be a wheel of persecution and rack of torture for innocent victims, and when it is thus rescued and becomes a true expression of a spiritual, mu-

tual, equal, harmonial, happy and heavenly union of two beings adapted to each other in this life, then and only then will it be worthy the name of marriage.

The case I refer to is not a single one; it may not be any *one*, but it is real and far too common as many can testify in different parts of the country.—"What shall we do," says one "to save the country from so much seduction?" Let the priest sell the indulgences or the victims," is the reply of the law and approved by pulpit and press, and the people, even the women say "amen."

But at last a few voices from both sexes are heard to cry out against the crimes and cruelties which have been so long and so mercilessly covered up by the legal institution of marriage—a little sympathy can be started for the hardest cases of seduction and slow murder and now and then one escapes and finds some plan of legal release, but to every one that escapes and lives, twenty or fifty go to the graveyard, or rather their murdered bodies do and their spirits escape to the angel house.

The autumn is purpling the fruit down here in Connecticut, the spirits are stirring the human waters, and I, too, am trying to agitate, as I suppose you are doing in the west.

WARREN CHASE.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.—I receive and read the Agitator with much pleasure. I trust it is doing a good work.

I notice that Conventions for reformatory purposes are multiplying and speakers at these meetings are agitating questions, many of which are comparatively new.

One resolution proposed at some Convention, or perhaps a proposition, has elicited considerable thought in my mind. It is this; "that all children be declared by our laws legitimate." It is suggested by the fact, that by the statute laws of most, if not all of the States, children born outside of wedlock are illegitimate, consequently are denied certain legal rights that children born in wedlock enjoy.

Although I knew the fact to exist, yet I had never thought particularly in regard to the propriety of the distinction, until the proposition came up in some Convention.

To look at the present laws, to think of them for a moment, is to discover their folly, their wrong, their oppressive influence upon perfectly innocent parties. The point of the whole thing rests in the word "*legitimate*." Now pray what is legitimate? what does it mean? Is there any effect on earth or in heaven that was not the result of some cause? Is such effect or result produced by adequate cause, illegitimate? Was not the law by which generation takes place established by God himself? Is not his law the highest law known to man? Are not all children born under the law he has established in man's nature—in man's physical organization, then "*legitimate*"? If not I ask in God's name who are legitimate?

Must there be a permit obtained from man or man's law, to execute the laws of God, or to obey his command that the result may be legitimate? Who shall dare to confront the Almighty, to repeal his acts or prescribe rules and modes for the operation of his laws?

I hold that every child born of a *Woman* is a legitimate child before the law of God, and it is presumption in man to make a distinction.

Any law declaring any child illegitimate is an insult to the Christian religion. By such a law, Jesus, the founder of Christianity, the "Saviour of the world" would be illegitimate. He would not have the same rights that the younger members of Mary's family had. The Jews never offered him a greater insult than would be such a law.

Was not Ishmahel born of Hagar, as legitimate as was Isaac born of Sarah, both having the same father? Were not the fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel legitimate children? But two of them were born of a true marriage, Joseph and Benjamin the sons of Rachel. Six others were born of Leah, a woman imposed and forced upon Jacob and only called a wife. But four of them, viz: Gad, Asher, Dan and Nephthalah were actually born of maid servants.

By the laws of our land ten of these brethren, or at least *four* would be pronounced illegitimate and their legal rights wrested from them. It seems that God made no distinction between them, nor did the Patriarch Jacob, the father of the twelve, notwithstanding he was their law giver.

It is true he loved Joseph and Benjamin better than the rest, but he made no distinction as to their common or legal rights.

Think for a moment of the injustice of a law illegitimizing a person born out of wedlock. Is the child in fault for its birth? The object of such a law was doubtless, to prevent children being born out of wedlock. Does it have that effect? Has there been one the less children born under these circumstances on account of this law? I say not. The law operates against the innocent effect, the child, not against the guilty cause, the parent.—Children out of wedlock are never by design.—What effect then can a law, alone operating against the offspring, have to prevent such children being born? Just none at all. But the injustice of such a law is vastly greater than the folly of it. Who does the law operate against but the innocent child? Did a child ever exercise volition in its birth? Why then make laws operating oppressively upon this innocent class of persons? To ask these questions is equivalent to the answer. Every true person will answer as I do, that all such laws ought to be repealed, that they are wrong, wicked, oppressive.

You may wish to enquire what these laws are of which I complain. I am not familiar with all the laws bearing unfavorably against this class, but I refer to one, that is the law of disinheritance of such a child. For example, Paul is born one day before his parents are legally married. Peter, James, and John are the offspring of the same parents after marriage. Now the parents may be worth a million of dollars; they may die suddenly without a will. Peter, James and John, by law, inherit all the property, while poor Paul goes off penniless. Now I ask what sense, what propriety, what justice is there in a law making this distinction? And why pray was not Paul just as legitimate a child as Peter? Was he not born of the same parents, generated in the same way; innocent as Peter was as to the time or manner of his birth? Can any reasoning person say that such laws are not unjust, abhorrent? Can they say that they in any wise protect the community against bastardy?

No, indeed! Do sensualists under the heat of passion go out and look up the laws to see what the consequence of indulgence will be? No, never. They neither think or care under such circumstances what may be in the Statute books or Bible either. We read in the Bible that "This proverb shall be no longer used in Israel, that the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge, but the *soul* that sinneth, *it* shall die." If laws are necessary to prevent children being produced outside of wedlock, pray then let them be made to operate on the guilty parents, and not on the innocent offspring. Let the innocent be legitimate and be protected, and let the "*soul*" or person sinning suffer for his sins.

Don't understand me now to undervalue the institution of Marriage or in any case justify lust or licentiousness. Nay, rather that I would inculcate

the highest and holiest state of purity between the sexes and in society. But I do say that such barbarous, unjust, oppressive laws as exist, operating solely upon the innocent product of crime, should forever be blotted out of our Civil Code.

Chicago, Ill. Yours very truly,
THOMAS RICHMOND.

DEAR AGITATOR.—I am acquiring the very bad habit of comparing professions and practice; not that I look upon myself as a "shining light" to guide others to consistency, but in this fast age the union of progress and hifalutin is so cursed with the offspring of glorified theory, that I am anxious to see who actualizes their professed principles.

The New York Tribune not long since in speaking of the waning interest in agricultural fairs, copied a paragraph from The Savannah Georgian in which a premium is offered for the best specimen of a live African imported within a year; and remarked upon it jocularly, without by a single word calling attention to the barbarity, outrage and inhumanity which lies at the root of it all. Are there not enough of the baser sort to make a joke of atrocities over which even fiends might weep, without having the example given them by a journal that is recognized as a leader in the popular anti-slavery ranks, and that moulds in a great degree the popular opinions and language among those who have partially crept from the shell of old hunkerism? Those assuming the responsibilities of public teachers of politics, morality or religion are certainly open to criticism; and in my view the Tribune needs to be dipped several times in the sacred waters of Humanity in order to be cleansed from the taint of moral leprosy.

I also saw recently a notice of the annual Convention of Spiritualists in Vermont, inviting those from other States and adding the assurance that they would be "bored by no side issues."

Now it strikes me that a Spiritualism that has not a direct tendency to lead man to remove the evils he sees around him, that does not serve to make him a better man in every natural relation, and that is too holy to be "mixed up" with other questions that should have this tendency, is better adapted to some sphere where physical and moral wrongs have no longer power to crush the sons and daughters of humanity. Another reform paper contains a "Colored discourse," one of those small means resorted to by very low specimens of white humanity, to retail their own wit and bring into contempt another portion of their human brothers.

I am hoping that the time will come when all shall see that nothing in their own language shall in any way aid in keeping down the lowly and oppressed. When the spirit of humanity shall so permeate the dominant masses that all classes shall receive what aid they need in coming up to their proper level; when "nigger," "darkey," "paddy," and like epithets shall no longer pollute the lips of any, but when the colored races will be allowed to attain to a recognized manhood, and the Irish be regarded as capable of something higher than handling the spade and shilalah and drinking whiskey; when they shall be lifted from the contempt which has compelled men in our cities to drop the name inherited from their fathers because it was Irish or be unable to obtain situations for which they were fitted, and when suffering from mortal sickness find it impossible if personally unknown to obtain the services of a respectable physician.—When all men are recognized as men and all women as women, we shall no more speak of eloquent colored lecturers or talented colored scholars, than be guilty of the no greater absurdity (founded not in the wrong and prejudice the other is) of saying an eloquent lecturer with brown hair or dark eyes; or a powerful speaker with delicate hands. Then

can woman speak as can man now, without having the public journals enlarge upon her attitude and the shade of her dress for then it would appear to all as ridiculous and out of place, as would such a notice as the following in the Tribune now:

"Bayard Taylor lectured last evening to a large and fashionable audience in Metropolitan Hall. His subject, The Destiny of Japan. He wore a black dress coat and an embroidered waistcoat which left visible a well ironed shirt bosom. He also wore patent leather Congress gaiters and twice used a linen handkerchief embroidered in the corners. He spoke in a base voice, gestured principally with his right hand, and altogether his lecture passed off in good style."

These are seemingly very trifling things, but are results of causes which ought to be removed.

H. C. CROUCH.

FACTS RELATING TO SPIRIT PHENOMANA.

EAST HUNTSBURGH, Oct. 23, 1858.

Mrs. BROWN.—Some six weeks since our usually quiet neighborhood was thrown into something of an agitation by the arrival in our midst of one Mrs. Wood of Auburn, N. Y. The cause of the excitement was the wonderful, and before, altogether unheard of tests and demonstrations by which she identified the presence of our deceased neighbors and friends, bringing before us as she did, even in the minutest details, the habits, manners, actions, voice &c., and relating conversations which occurred years since and of which there was no possibility of her ever having even the faintest knowledge.

As an instance she relates several dialogues between the sheriff of our county (lately deceased) and one of our neighbors, when the said neighbor positively affirms that no other person was present at the time of the conversation, and that to his certain knowledge he had never communicated the same to any individual. The woman is an entire stranger to the sheriff and to his family, and yet she exhibited in her voice and manner at the time of this recitation numerous peculiarities by which the identity of the individual referred to was established beyond a doubt in the minds of all present who had known him in life.

Two brothers of the sheriff (also lately deceased) controlled Mrs. W. on the same occasion, and identified themselves in numerous ways—especially in the voice and articulation in which she appears to be wonderfully successful. One of these having an impediment in his speech, was imitated with a precision of mimicry and a peculiar tone that could not possibly be mistaken. The other having been a Methodist exhorter while in this sphere identified himself by a peculiar nasal twang, and surprised me more than any demonstration I had ever heard of.

One spirit by which she was controlled selected one of the neighbors from the company, an entire stranger to her and one I believe she had never heard of before, and by the way a man not remarkable for his veracity and honesty in neighborly dealings, gave him the most severe flagellation, portraying his faults without fear or favor, and pointing out to him with a master's hand the better way. I had been a skeptic up to this time but could doubt no longer. Now I wish to know what the opposers of spiritualism can do with such facts as these. Has this woman who is an entire stranger in our midst, the far-seeing eye of a prophet, or has she unawares listened to the minutiae of all these several lives? (and the cases might be multiplied.) What can they say?

In haste truly,
JONATHAN GREENE.

A LOVING friend's rebuke sinks into the heart and convinces the judgment; an enemy's or stranger's rebuke in invective, irritates, not converts.

WOMAN IN THE "NEW DISPENSATION"

There is no subject so replete with interest or so closely connected with Human progress, as woman's true position in life's great drama. She is emphatically the "wheel within a wheel;" and unless the motion in her orbit be in accordance with the Law of Harmony, all the outer wheels will be subject to friction, which will chafe, rend and thus produce wild chaos. When this condition becomes unendurable, then will a query arise as to the cause of all this confusion. The response will come from "myriad voices" in all spheres. Woman! 'Tis thy condition as a slave, for thou knowest not thy nature and thy needs; study to know both and Harmony will be the result. The troubled waters will be calmed, the tempest stayed in its fury, for thou wilt say, "Peace be still." Woman! thy power is yet to be tested in quelling all the fierce passions; whose unrestricted tendencies have well nigh defaced the Divine impress from the human form, and branded it with the scathing iron of "unbridled lust," with all its hellish attendants, jealousies, strifes, bitterness, revenge, and hate. A power from the Eden of bliss where Love and Wisdom preside with outstretched arms, is now descending upon thy spirit, O woman! for thy agonizing wail in thy bondage long and drear, is heard, and thy struggle now in attempting to throw off thy fetters, have hosts of witnesses though unseen and unheard, who come to thy rescue and by a divine influence will breathe new life into thy wasted form, impart new freshness to thy wan countenance, a Love-Light to thy vacant stare, a hope to thy sad spirit, thus giving to thy earth the beauty and bloom of the Eden of bliss above,

Where storms never rage;
Where fruits ever ripen;
Where hate never enters;
Where love ever brightens;
Where scandal ne'er corrodes,
But where truth ever brightens.

The combined power of these negatives induce the hells, and of course their opposites the heavens, in different degrees, in the onward and upward progress of the spirit, subduing, controlling, cementing the true and the good, separating and consuming the false and the evil. Thus the work of "human redemption" having commenced in woman's elevation from abject servitude to a state of freedom,—first in individualization, next in co-operation, will be completed. There shall not be one stone in the old temple, (where the "legal corps," the "priests" and the "medical faculty" have presided with uninterrupted sway so long,) which shall not be demolished. The mould shall gather upon the statute books, and the gangrene upon the sham prescriptions for healing the sick; "mene, mene Tekel upharish" be indelibly stamped upon the old priestly rule. And upon the ruins of this antiquated pile of rubbish shall be erected a New Temple, where will ever preside the Trinity—Law based upon Justice and Equity; Power based upon Love and Wisdom; Will based upon Truth; and Truth made up of all the foregoing elements combined, LAW, JUSTICE, EQUITY; LOVE, WISDOM, POWER.

C. M. H.

Chicago, Ill.

THE Missionary Herald of November, 1849, says:

"A priest of Siam once asked a Missionary how long his God tormented men in the future state?" The Missionary answered 'forever,' and the priest of Siam said:

'Our God torments the worst of men only a thousand years, so we will not have your American God in Siam.'"

THE events of youth are stamped in the memory of age, as primeval footmarks made in the clay are preserved in the stone.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

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S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones, St., N. Y.; BELA MARSH No. 14, Broomfield Street, Boston; A. HUTCHINSON, Cincinnati, O.; HIGGINS BROTHERS, Chicago, Ill.; BARRY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AFRICAN SLAVERY.

Mr. Clayton, the editor of "The Banner," published at Walhalla, S. C., has propounded to us a few questions which we will try to answer.

After noticing us and our work in a true, brotherly spirit he asks:

"Why do you object to southern slaveocracy? Is it not because you are unacquainted with it?"

We object to southern slavery because it robs man of himself; the mother of her child; divides husband and wife; because it is demoralizing, brutalizing and anti-human; because we would not like to be subjected to a like fate and because the command of the gentle Jesus, ("Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them,") is of some considerable importance in our estimation.

"You are a progressionist, and do you not know that man cannot do well in freedom until he is capable of it?"

Yes; but who is to judge of man's capabilities for freedom? Some may say "Mr. Clayton writes like a madman;" but who will presume to put him in a straight jacket?

"Do you not know that the American negro is much more progressed than the African?"

So it is said; but is slavery to be credited for the progress he has made? If so let us bring here the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands; sell them on the auction block at Washington and send them from there to the cotton fields of the South to be educated, Christianized and elevated.

"Do you not know there are some Africans yet so low in the scale of being that they do not even suppose that there is a God at all?—so low that they have not even progressed to idol worship?"

Many white people who make laws, hold offices and buy and sell slaves do not know there is a God. Many of them might sit at the feet of the idol worshipper and learn what a blessed thing it is to deal justly with their brothers and sisters.

"Do you suppose a large number of them could live with us without being under our control?"

Perhaps not. They have so long been crushed that the wonder is they know anything.

"Do not Reason and Inspiration both teach us that the higher intellects must control the lower, as the father the child, the Guardian the ward, the master the servant &c? And do your neighbors not make, by hired servitude, abject slaves of your own species of humanity, of your white neighbor's children?"

Who are the "higher intellects?" The veriest knave—and the man minus anything like a respectable intellect help to make laws for the highest, brightest intellects among women. Many negroes are far more intellectual than their masters.—Would you have the lower intellect controlled by the higher? 'Tis too that true those of our own color are degraded by our "white neighbors;" but two wrongs will not make one right.

"These are hard questions, Mrs. Brown; but if properly answered, they will show the southern people to be philanthropists superior to the Northern task masters.

What good does your species of human slavery

do to humanity? None, but to degrade it, while ours progresses a lower race with plenty and happiness. We have no native beggars, but you have, Mrs. Brown.

You take our advice and look at these matters without any prejudice, and we will do as you wish—"not lay aside our armor till every woman, white and black, joins with us in chanting freedom's glad anthem." But we cannot make them free only as they are capable of bearing it

The white ones are capable, many of them, now, for they stand high up the splendid ladder of human progression, and are doing all they can to bring up those below them; and there is one thing we can say with a clear conscience, we have never enslaved a white woman yet!—no, not one, or even captivated one, as we know of.

But Mrs. Brown, while we have but little objections to your opinions aside from slaveocracy as you call it, we very much admire your free and independent course, and hope we shall have the pleasure of receiving your paper regularly. We do not think any the less of you for differing from us, and will think over your columns as we suppose you will not hesitate to do over ours—none but fools and sectarians are afraid of other's opinions and you are neither."

With sorrow we are compelled to acknowledge that our brother has told terrible truths regarding the slavery and oppression practiced upon the poor white people at the North. The white woman we know is a slave. And comparatively few have, or will plead her cause. No Mrs. Stowe has yet written the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of White Slavery; but it will be written.

Mr. Clayton says he has never enslaved a "White Woman;" the conclusion is he is not a married man. Your interrogations are answered brother Clayton. Are you satisfied with them?

The Editor writes that she is having a "good time" on her Eastern tour. I hoped to get from her some, "notes by the way" for the present issue, but have not. I will take the liberty, however of quoting the following from a private note of the 15th. inst.: "I spoke yesterday in Brooklyn to a crowded house, and am to speak there again next Sunday.—Saturday, Dr. Hatch swore his wife was insane and with two policemen went to put her in the asylum. Other officers were called in to protect her and she escaped their hands. She was in meeting yesterday pale and care-worn.—What will the end be?"

Mr. Finney spoke last Sunday morning and evening in Tremont Hall.

His subject in the morning was Mind. He spoke of it—first, as a Motive Power by which all Nature is to be subjected to such conditions as will minister most fully to human needs, and traced the constant improvement in the means of accomplishing such subjection, from the sharpened bone the first instrument used for tilling the soil) to the tying together of Continents.

He next considered it as a Moral Power by which the whole world is to be fraternized, and portrayed most beautifully, the operation of the subtle law of human sympathy by which this happy condition is to be unfolded: but the inspirations of the speaker found fullest and freest utterance when he came to speak of mind as an Immortal Power evolving the divine in man and linking him with the upper spheres.

The audience manifested an intensity of interest which indicated a high appreciation of the glorious truths so eloquently uttered.

In the evening the supremacy of the human soul over all customs, creeds, books, statutes, and institutions was presented in a manner which cannot fail to make the hearers feel more confidence in their self-hood and less worship for antiquated dogmas.

When the printer is guessing out this wretchedly written item we hope to be cosily housed in our dear, native, New England hamlet,

SENATOR HALE ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

In a recent speech before the graduating class of the Abbott Female Academy at Andover, N. H., Senator Hale said: "Now there were some who did not believe women would have all their rights till they had the right of suffrage. But if this right were obtained, it might be found to degrade instead of elevating female life. What was there in the exercise of the right of suffrage to produce moral elevation? We did not see that the men in cities who exercised the right were ennobled, refined or elevated by going to the ballot box. Every female of delicacy must revolt at finding herself in contaminating contact with the influences of the polls; as she would thereby be placed in conflict and on a level with every blackguard."

If Senator Hale thinks men are degraded rather than elevated by the right of suffrage, why in the name of Humanity don't he cease to exercise the right and devote his persuasive eloquence to inducing other men to do the same?

According to Mr. Hale's philosophy, there is no safety for woman anywhere, unless she shut herself out from the society of men entirely; for men go to the polls and get "contaminated," and second hand contamination is no better than the original; but I believe women, and men too, ought to have sufficient moral strength to come in contact with evil influences, for the purpose of correcting the evil, without being injured. Does it detract from a woman's virtue, goodness, piety even to go to the garrets and cellars of the vicious poor to relieve their suffering? Let us go to the polls in the same spirit that we would go to such places and try to exert a redeeming influence. A woman of true "delicacy" will not "revolt at the idea of doing good anywhere."

We need not place ourselves on a level with every blackguard by going to the polls (does Mr. Hale place himself on such a level?) but we place ourselves infinitely below them if we stay at home peaceably and let them make laws to govern us.

L.

BOOKS.—Our readers in purchasing books for the Holidays must not forget to look at our book-list. We have a good variety of the most readable reform books. "The Sketches from Nature" we published for the Holidays. There to a great dearth of reform literature for the young people. Feeling and seeing the need of a better class of juvenile books we have attempted to meet the demand in some measure. We wish those who take an interest in the children would read the "Sketches" and aid us in selling them. We will send the books to any responsible person to sell on commission. What are not sold to be returned in good order. We will pay the postage on single books.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A gentleman going West stopped at a hotel and registered his name, (Lewis, from Cleveland, Ohio.) The next question propounded to him was: "Do you know the editor of the Agitator?"

"Seen her," was the reply.

"Do you know Carrie Lewis?"

"Seen her."

"Is she your wife?"

"No; she is a smarter woman than it will ever be my good fortune to call wife."

This did not quite set at rest the fears of the people. Mr. Lewis writes that his name has ruined him in that Orthodox town.

BOOKS SENT BY MAIL.—George Roberts, 3 copies Sketches. Mrs. M. J. Kenney, 1 copy Sketches,

H. B. Force, "The Unwelcome Child," A. F. Bunker, 6 copies "Religion, Theology and the Bible," Mrs. Mary P. Haines, Psalms of Life and Unwelcome Child.

The Agitator is printed at the Job office the of Morning Leader.

FOUR DAYS SPIRITUAL MASS MEETING.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Convention Hall, Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th.

A Four Days Spiritual Mass Meeting will commence in Convention Hall, Syracuse, at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 9th, 1858, and continue morning, afternoon and evening on Friday Saturday and Sunday, the 10th, 11th, and 12th. An invitation is extended to all normal lecturers and trance speakers throughout the country and many have already engaged to attend. * * *

Speakers who can attend from a distance will communicate as early as possible. Address in behalf of the management, J. R. Robertson, 56 East Railroad st., Syracuse, N. Y.

The above notice came to late to be inserted in full.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

To Tattlers, Liars, and all who listen to, or keep them company.

Dear Liars and Tattlers.—Many of you are strangers to me; a very few of you, I am personally acquainted with, and I write this notice to call your attention to the following:

In the Agitator of Nov. 1st., the editor asks:

"Will some 'Philosopher' give us a lecture upon the philosophy of falsehood?"

I make no pretensions to being a "philosopher;" yet if some one does not respond to the invitation soon, and do the subject better justice than I may think I could myself, I will write a lecture on "Falsehood and Slander," and offer it to the Editor of the Agitator.

So I think within, perhaps, a month or so, the subject will be agitated in this paper. And as ye are so immediately interested I give this timely notice. And now if you wish, you know you can subscribe for the Agitator in time to see what I say about you.—I wish you would for I do not like to speak about you in your absence or "behind your backs."

No matter whether ye find yourselves to be the "item" gatherers for City News Papers, or whether ye stand in the pulpit with Psalm book and Bible before you, or whether ye find yourselves living in the vicinity of Waynesville, Miami Co., Ohio, and belong to "Miami Monthly Meeting of Friends," or whether ye claim to be reformers or spiritual lecturers and mingle in the debates at "The Middlefield and other Meetings." (See Agitator of Sept. 15th.

No matter I say where you live, who you are, or where you have last been burying yourselves. I ask you now as a friend and a brother, (engaged in an opposite calling from your own) to subscribe for the Agitator and see what shall be said of you, and to you, in the forth coming numbers.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

INFLUENCES OF NATURE.—The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough. But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by her loveliness, and without any corporeal benefits. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my pulse, and I dilate and respire with the morning wind. How does nature defy us with a few and cheap elements!—Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous.—R. W. EMERSON.

TO "THE AGITATOR."

White plumed angel, Agitator,
Spread thy pinions, soar away;
Thine's a mission fraught with gladness,
As the sun at dawn of day.

Go! dispel the clouds of darkness,
Agitate the moral world,
Raise a standard high as Heaven,
With thy banner wide unfurled.

Preach, to all the world, a gospel,
Not of faith, but knowledge sure,
Based on freedom, love and goodness,
For they will e'er endure.

See! the lightning rends the Heavens;
Hear! the thunder peals afar,
Now, the whirl-wind strews the forest,
As a play-thing in the air.

Now, the rain descends in torrents,
Rushing down the mountain rills,
Whilst the storm, in fury raging,
Passes far o'er distant hills.

Now the air is pure and lovely,
Verdure decorates the plain,
Those are natures agitators,
High unfoldments to attain.

Deepest caverns dark and gloomy,
Stagnant pools and morbid streams,
Do in the moral world abound,
Undisturbed by truth's bright beams.

Agitate those turbid waters,
Stir them to their deepest bed,
Permeate their darkest centers,
'Til a purer light is shed.

Cease your agitation? never,
Heading neither small nor great;
Until disenchantment cometh,
AGITATOR—agitate.

Marengo.

E. E. M.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I am of Mr. Cridge's opinion that woman as well as man needs reforming. While I would have granted to her all the rights which the most radical Woman's Rights advocate has ever claimed, and more also, if to her inherent nature belong any that have not been claimed, it seems as though duties and courtesies between men and women should be reciprocal; and when the millennium is really here, we shall begin to take perceptible steps towards the time when no woman shall feel content to read cheap novels while her husband toils—no woman shall be so centered in selfishness, that base of all wrongs, that she shall care not how many extra hours her husband labors or how much he denies himself rest or intellectual culture, if all her own and children's selfish wants are satisfied.

When men shall so rise from their present state that no man shall count his wife's labor nothing while he takes the credit of providing for her; markets the products of her labor and his own, pockets the money to buy new farms, speculate with or hoard, while his home remains without conveniences, and his wife and children are destitute of personal comforts.

H. C. H.

DEAR SISTER BROWN.—I was one of the favored few that met at Greensborough on the 12th, 13th, and 14th inst., to get our spiritual strength renewed; and be assured that we were not disappointed, for I think all felt that it was good for them to be there. We had no public speakers except Mr. Pane, the recently disowned Methodist preacher; he is evidently growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is developed in our glorious Harmonial Philosophy. Several good trance speakers gave us words of wisdom and cheer from our spirit friends. As brother Toohey says: "we had a good time generally." I was disappointed that you were not there. I think it would have paid you well just to have spent a few hours in the sphere of our patriarchal, loving and loveable old friend, Seth Henshaw. He says: "he feels to bless everything and everything blesses him." Oh my dear sister, it would make every fiber of your organism dance to hear the music of his words of love. Spiritualism is on the increase in all this section of country, the opinions of orthodox bigots to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let us take courage and live up to our best and most cherished ideas of right as the best means of ultimating a better condition for humanity in the future.

J. W. ROUTH.

—The cause and cure of evil embraces the most dreaded and yet the most needed question of the day, viz: Marriage and Maternity.

I see the embryo child to contain the seeds of good or evil which must develop and ultimate themselves as the form in which they are sown unfolds its capacities for their action.

The mother must right the wrong, but she cannot be true to her child until she has the liberty of being true to her own soul. She cannot sow the seeds of divine love in the soul of her child until she drinks from the same divine fount.

Woman, enslaved as she is, has not the power to do right. Strong in Spirituality but weak in physical power, she sinks; shall I say she sinks to rise no more? No, ah no, like the Coral builder she sinks in the sea of agitation to find her standpoint—her rock of individuality, and from that she will develop outward and upward, until Christ-like she can walk the waves and say to the angry roar of slavery and the sullen murmur of lust—peace be still and they shall obey.

V. C. H.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN—I have recently learned of the existence of a paper denominated, The Agitator also have been so fortunate as to be presented with a copy.

I herein enclose a dollar, the price of one year's subscription.

I do not become a subscriber because I agree with all the sentiments of the editress as published, but because she so frankly and boldly speaks her conceptions of truth; and may she ever thus continue thus to rely upon Reason—the only light-giver to guide us to real knowledge and true happiness. By thus relying upon Reason you are not only placing "the axe at the root of the tree" of ignorance and superstition—whose baneful shadow has thus long dwarfed the intellect of the world but are chopping away, and we hope ere long the friends of reason will be able to fell this tree and so give an opportunity for the dupes of superstition to bask in the sunlight of nature's truth.—Then will intellect grow in the grace of holy truth and wisdom. Then will reign "good will on earth and peace among men."

X.

AGITATOR RCIEPTS.

E. W. Hawxhurst, \$1.00; Addison Chalker, 50 cents; Riley Rood 50 cents; Thomas Richmond, \$1.00; A. R. Buck, \$1.00; John Hutchinson \$2.00; Henry Hurlbut, \$1.00; Mrs. C. S. W. Coburn, 50 cents; S. G. Pierce, 25 cents; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, 50 cents; Samuel D. Chapman, \$1.00; C. Waldack, \$1.20; Mrs. A. Selby, \$1.00; S. Doty, \$1.00; L. Woman, \$1.00; M. Hill, \$1.00; E. Williams, \$1.00; Mrs. Margaret King, \$1.00; Mrs. Elizabeth T. Hamilton, \$1.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Emerson, \$1.00; O. K. Chamberlain, M. D., \$1.00; Prof. C. H. Bolls, \$1.00; Charles Fisher, \$1.00; Dr. H. B. Sherman, 25 cents; E. B. Collins, 25 cents; A. Stewart, 50 cents; Mrs. M. J. Henry, \$1.00; Miss E. S. Owings, \$1.00; Jenie A. Wescott, 50 cents. Leonard Humphrey, \$1.00; B. W. Freeman, 50 cents; John Fowler, 50 cents; Ann Hambleton, \$1.00; Margery Whiney, \$1.00; Mary Griffith, \$1.00; Aaron Votaw, \$1.00; James Wiles, Esq., \$1.00; Dr. L. P. Britt, 50 cents; Col. J. W. Patterson, \$1.00; Wm. J. Foote 25 cents; R. S. Brigham, \$1.00; L. H. Webster, 25 cents; J. B. Gilbert, \$1.00; Justin Alexander, \$1.00; Eliza Wickersham, \$1.00; Mrs. Henry Osborn, \$1.00; Daniel Lamberson, \$1.00; Mary L. Dibble, 50 cents; Mr. Sharp, 50 cents; Mrs. A. A. Whippo, \$1.00; B. W. Williams, \$1.00; Mrs. Sarah Jane Buxton, \$1.00; Mrs. Eliza Arnold, \$1.00; Henry Belden, \$1.00; Calvin Belden, \$1.00; O. C. Hall, 50 cents; Geo. W. Selby, \$1.00; John Harper, 50 cents; J. L. Thorn, \$1.00; D. N. Brown, \$1.00.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

"The comet which is now disappearing is expected to revisit this world at the end of 300 years."

Strangely changed that blazing thing will be when it next comes to our earth! And, too, earth's children will be changed—how changed who can tell? A few things we may with safety predict. The fainting heart will then be strong; the wanderer will have found his way back to his native clime. The bleeding, broken spirit will be healed; the starving heart be fed. The mother and child will be folded in one glad embrace; the prodigal returned: the outcast Magdalene will have put off the livery of shame and put on the robes of Purity. Lazarus will not be vainly asking then for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table and Dives will have no place in the hearts of the people.

Three hundred years from now the noble and the ignoble, the pauper and the prince will be common dust. The unborn will grow bread from soil fertilized by their blood and bones. The lions and lords will have passed away and none will revere their names.

Hence three hundred years the sword will hang rusting in its sheath; arsenals, forts and warships will be remembered among the things which characterized the dark days of a Christian Republic.—The black man will stand erect and declare himself a *free man* and none will dispute his claim. "Angel Woman" will be a great *human* self-owned soul. She will link hands with her brother in the glorious work of establishing the Christ-Kingdom upon the Earth.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN.—At the renowned Ravenna Convention, Mrs. Coan, the test medium, declared herself *life-joined* to her husband, and denounced, in strong terms, those who "followed not with" her. It seems now that there was a slight mistake in the matter of a *life* union, as she has loosed, with her own hand the links that bound the twain, demolished the home altar and gone forth a disunited woman. We have no words of reproach—none of censure. It is not our business to interfere with the private affairs of another; but we wish simply to ask, Why it is that some people do the very things they publicly condemn others for doing? Why they practice what they censure another for preaching?

THE AGE OF FREEDOM has been replying to the question "For what and for whom do you work?"

For the sake of the paupers, the prostitutes, the criminals, of civilization—the children of want and the victim's ennui—for the sake of the poor, for the sake of the rich, for the sake of plundered Labor, outraged Virtue, crippled Justice, and voiceless Truth—in the name, and for the sake of a Humanity groaning under the follies and crimes of centuries.

We come to you with an outlawed paper, the organ of outlawed Truth. Let those who love Truth more than Popularity; the eternal well-being of man more than present ease, join hands and work with us for a Better Future.

J. S. FINNEY—has been speaking in Cleveland again. Several attempts have been made to report his lectures—thus far without success. It *cannot* be done. We would as soon think of pen-o-graphing an earthquake or a sunbeam—of painting a thunder-shower, or a soft southern breeze. We can tell *what* he said, but not *how* he said it, the lightning and the thunder will be wanting.

To understand and appreciate an eloquent speaker he must be seen and heard.

"WHERE IS SHE?"

A writer in one of our exchanges asks: "Who ever knew a woman to befriend a woman if the tide of popular opinion was against her? If there lives such a human angel where is she? We have never seen her." Had the writer of the above woman-traducing paragraph been in our office an hour since he could have looked the "human angel" full in the face. She was here—wingless—clothed in *bone fide* flesh and bones. She had no trumpet of fame to herald her approach; and expected no "hosannas" chanted by us, tide-and-wind goers. She walked in like other mortals and said: "We have a poor sister in prison; she wants bail. I would but cannot give it as I am a *married woman*. Will you, who are a free soul, go and release this woman from her loathsome cell?"

Here was a woman who was rowing up stream, encountering every obstacle, to restore a mother to her little children; but, unfortunately, this great soul is not known in law—she is not an *individual*; but a *married woman*. However, her soul, her sense of justice, were not lost in the loss of herself. She heard the call of her sister in sorrow and went to the rescue; and had the blessed satisfaction of seeing the meeting of mother and children. "I was in prison and ye visited me," may serve recall the good deed of to-day, in some far off clime a thousand years hence.

BORN IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.—In Berkshire, Delaware Co., Ohio in the 19th year of his age, at 30 minutes past 5 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, 1858, John, Son of Almon and Deborah Stark, passed from the material to the spirit world, and left many warm friends to mourn their early loss.

LEVERETT L. BARNEY of Jefferson, Ohio, passed onward and upward to the Spheres, September 22d, in the 41st year of his age. The earth history and moral of this spirit is not only interesting in itself, but a joy forever to all who know how he lived and how he departed. He commenced his life drama in the midst of Calvinism, but soon *intuition* and thought forced him to reject and pronounce *all* such views of God and the Divine Economy as false in fact and immoral in tendency.

He thus laid the foundation of his after strength and usefulness of character by respecting the *authority of his own soul*; traits of mind that were eminently prominent in his early embrace of—and labors in behalf of Spiritualism.

His hospitality was ever at the service of the reform lecturer and friend of progress, and the *needy* can testify to the natural generosity of his soul. His candor and love of truth was second only to his willingness to do—and suffer if need be for the ministry of angels. This was not a mere enthusiasm, but a calm and religious pleasure—a harmony of mind that sweetened all his joys and helped him to translate the checkered scenes of experience, into the natural lesson of necessary culture. Tolerant to *all*, he sought to find the "soul divine" in things of seeming evil. "Live in the hour, and enjoy the religion of the day," was his maxim; as good humor gave social and spiritual cheerfulness to all his later course.

In business he was honest and full of sweet integrity, and in religious matters tolerant and spiritual minded. His faults came of the manner rather than of the matter of his dealing; but those who knew his worth, remember him only as one of nature's nobleman. His life is thus an example and a lesson to many, and his joy in the Spheres—the reward of a truthful experience and a happy soul.

Cleveland, Nov. 5, 1858

CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth.

A VISION.

My soul in vision seeks its own in Thee;
Like as the Summer flower opens its petals to the light,
So doth the inspiration of this hour ask the sunshine of thy presence.

Gentle one! dost thou hear the prayer which from
This heart of hearts wells upward to the Father for blessings,
On thee and me! 'Tis the hour of worship.

An angel spirit clad, in beauteous robes of light,
From celestial spheres, stand beside me;
And as I pause and bow my head in worship,
There comes a voice in silvery tones of sweetness to my ear,
Bidding me listen, while from his lips there fall,
In numbers of celestial harmony, words of prophetic meaning,
"Affinity is a Law of Nature." As by inherent law
Minutest particles of matter compose this mighty orb
Called Earth; and, as it owes its present form to attractive

force,
Not seen, but felt from center to remotest parts,
So in spirit, there is an inherent principle of love, which
Seeks its own when free to act in harmony
With the Divine behest.

Learn this O mortal, and be wise:
This principle of the soul which men call love,
For want of Freedom's wholesome breath,
Has dwindled to a dwarfish skeleton too hideous
To behold; but men have sought the *ghost*
In lowest haunts where passions dwell
And hold their nightly courts.

And woman too,
Forsaking her own peculiar sphere of attractive grace and virtue
Has listened to the charmer's voice, till she has made
Herself a willing slave to his unholy commerce,
Which the world, in latter day, has christened, Lust.

But a new era dawns upon the Earth;
And wisdom, from the heavenly spheres,
Rolls back the darkness as a scroll, which
On the human mind has hung like dismal night,
For many long and cheerless years of agonizing grief,
'Twixt Hope and Fear.

Love is a principle divine;
And as the Sun from its own inherent power
Sheds light and heat, so Love is *creative* in its normal sphere;
It makes its own highway, and asks freedom
As its sovereign right by birth, to be, and do, and not
As merchandise be bought and sold in the
Common mart—bartered for gold and dedicated
To unholy use.

This love, the spirit in harmony divine,
Seeks as the counterpart of itself, and grows to a perfect oneness
As two drops of dew meet and kiss each other,
And are lost in one embrace.

The angel ceased, and all around was still—
I paused to dwell upon the words, which,
As from his lips in earnest solemn warning
They had come *my* mission to reveal.
I resolved, within myself, to wait, till my Messiah comes.
The pulsations of this throbbing heart may cease
Ere the blissful union, but in
God's eternity we'll meet—spirit with spirit by attractive force
Shall blend in blissful harmony—and nothing lost.

Forest Glenn, Oct., 1858.

H. G. S.

NOTICE TO SPEAKERS.

We wrote Mr. A. Cowles, of Geneva, O. in relation to inviting a brother to speak to them on Sunday. He replied and requested his letter published and copied, that speakers generally might know how they were conditioned in regard to speakers. Some western localities are destitute of speakers while others are over supplied with them. But to the letter:

MY SISTER.—We have employed Mrs. Hunt half the time here and half in Madison. There are a number who attend every Sunday, the Madison friends coming here when Mrs. Hunt is here and some of us go there when she is there, and there are some of us who think we can progress faster by meeting once in two weeks on Sunday and practice speaking our thoughts ourselves, than to always depend on foreign speakers.

HOW AGGRAVATING.—To go to bed and dream you have lots of money and friends and wake up and find you're only a gal typo. Just our "case"

MANY persons seek Heaven, who do not seek virtue.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were presented to the Convention at Kiantone by John M. Sterling of this city.

They are suggestive of deep thoughts and important truths:

"Resolved, That the great study of man should be to know himself, and to develop properly all his faculties, outer and inner,—and that when he has done this, he has the key that will unlock all mysteries and solve the great problem of the "cause and cure of evil;" and that, to wisely attempt to reform others he must first reform himself—become pure in body and spirit, and in harmony with the Divine; and that then, and not till then, can he see and feel that "whatever is, is right."

"Resolved, That the world greatly needs men and women of integrity and moral courage; who, as they come to a knowledge of the truth, will be true to themselves and to God, in not only fearlessly proclaiming truth to the world, but also in daring to live it out in practical life."

"Resolved, That, in our judgment, a band of such courageous men and women, renouncing selfishness and all customary worldly aims, consecrating themselves to lives of purity and beneficence, associating under proper regulations, have it in their power,—however few in number or weak in influence,—to institute among themselves a state of social life vastly better than ordinarily prevails in communities at large—a neighborhood from which wrangling, and strife, and intolerance, and scandal-mongering, and cheating, and every evil work, shall be banished—a model society, from which shall flow forth streams of salutary influence to all humanity, and in which may be born and reared a future generation free from many of the hereditary and educational evils which now afflict human society."

"Resolved, That the Association which contemplates planting a colony on this spot, cherishes no hope of success in its undertaking, except in proportion to the purity, intelligence and integrity in all respects of its members; and the latter expect to assist in elevating and reforming humanity only as they shall succeed in elevating and reforming themselves individually."

"Resolved, That the work of this enterprise is not destructive, but constructive—that we recognize a divine use in all the institutions of the past—that the Church and State which have been, have been a necessity of their times, each doing its appropriate work—but that the time has fully come when the wants of the world demand a new Church, a new State, and new Social and Educational Institutions—and that it is our purpose, acting in conjunction with what we believe to be wise and beneficent beings in the spirit-life, to inaugurate such as shall bless and redeem humanity."

The following resolutions were passed at the Infidel Convention at Philadelphia:

"Resolved, That the extraordinary asperity which has distinguished political struggles for the past few years, has been caused by the interference of the clergy. The attempt of three thousand New England parsons to convey to Congress 'the mind and will of God' was met in a way to render a repetition of the act more than doubtful. This attempt to control the Government was repeated by Mr. Sillman and others. Yet there is an association of Preachers and Churches now in full action, whose quiet and unobserved doings are far more dangerous than the open banding together of "the three thousand." This institution having its head quarters in New York, is called the 'Christian Union,' and expends \$75,000 per year on agitation kept up by employing 'renegade priests,' and other men of no character, to set people 'together by the ears' about questions of religion and politics; the success of this 'church militant' would be speedily followed by a crusade against unbelievers."

"Resolved, That the assumption that the clergy have answered all the objections of unbelievers, is preposterous; because superstition is stationary while knowledge is progressive. Astronomy has ruined Jewish cosmogony and miracles; geology has successfully explained the facts adduced in support of a deluge; archæology has shown that great and civilized nations existed before Adam; the nascent science of ethnology, by proving that men are not of one family, will eventually undermine the fable of the *Fall of Man*, and also its

complement, the vicarious substitution of a *Saviour*. In short, the facts of science are everywhere and in everything in opposition to the errors of superstition."

"Resolved, That the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospels have been completely overturned by the German theologians, whose vast learning and critical acumen has culminated in Professor Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' a work which demonstrates from the discrepant and irreconcilable statements of the four Evangelists, that neither of them could have been an eye witness of the wonders he relates, and that the whole story has been written from a *mythical* point of view, viz., by reproducing old Testament marvels in a new dress, and relating fictions as facts, in order 'that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet' So and-so, when the prophet never spoke any such matter, or spoke it in a very different sense."

"Resolved, That this convention would deem themselves recreant to their duty did they fail to express their sense of the eminent services of Paine in exposing so effectually, so clearly and decidedly the Christian superstition. To use his own words, 'He has cut down every tree in the whole forest, there they lie, let any priest try to stick them in the ground if he pleases, but he can never make them grow again.' They have never made a serious attempt to perform so hopeless a task,"

JOHN ALLEN.

Lines in commemoration of this beloved servant and laborer of the new era of Faith and Truth.

Dear brother! Thou art gone;
And that great life of thine,
Not dead, doth move in glory on;
In brightness still doth shine.

Thy Life on earth was love;
And love can never die;
'Twas love below; 'tis love above,
On earth, and in the sky.

Thy story, immortal heart,
Still to its purpose true,
In Heaven resumes its glorious part,
And doth its work renew.

From that pure height and sphere
Thy spirit shall descend;
And often we shall find thee here
Co-laborer and friend.

The work on earth, which fired
Thy thought, thy heart, thy will,
Shall find thee with new strength inspired;
Thou wilt be with us still.

P. S.

DEATH.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart;
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart!

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest;
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast!

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last;
Gently!
While you're weeping,
She to heaven has passed!

SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

On or before the first of January 1859 I shall publish No. 3 of the Spiritual Register, for 1859, a neat pocket companion of thirty-six pages; facts for skeptics and enquirers, Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, its uses and abuses, Free Love, Reforms, short articles of interest to all, names of lecturers and mediums, general statistics of Spiritualists, etc., etc. This little work is an annual, the only one of the kind ever published, and the last number was extensively quoted by the popular press. Will all lecturers and mediums, editors and spiritualists throughout the country, please report as early as possible? Dealers and others will immediately send their orders with advance payment as the work will not be sent out on sale, and the edition will be limited to previous orders. Mailed free, five dollars a hundred; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; single copies ten cents.

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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

Did you ever see a gutta-percha face, children? And did you ever amuse yourself with pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? When you cease pinching and pulling it, it returns to the same face it was before.

Now your little faces are softer than gutta-percha, and are full of the little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way, and pull them another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression, and we know by looking at you just how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles or dimples.

But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and O, what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute. Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit, and each brings its own expression over the face.

The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression. By indulgence in evil passions people may work their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes when you meet a man in the street you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling it so often that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or if a man learns to hoard up money for its own sake, his face gets a mean, grasping look, and we say when we pass him, "There goes a miser." Or if he has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children do you want to have pleasant faces, that everybody will love to look at? Then don't let the ugly passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of love and charity, and good will and truth and honesty, and then they will be beautiful faces.

I have seen faces without a single handsome feature, that were sweeter to look at than the most perfect features that ever were formed. And why? It was the expression. And what makes the expression? O, it all depends upon whether the bad passions or the lovely virtues get hold of the little strings.—*American Messenger*.

As two children were at play together, Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her:

"Look out Jane, or I'll take a seat there on your lips."

"Then," replied Jane, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

This cured the pouting fit.

A little girl, a day or two since, cried, "My little grandmother is living, but my great grandmother is dead and gone to heaven; but then I shall see her there." A lady visitor asked her how she would know her departed relative, seeing they had never met on earth. "O," was the ready reply "I suppose God will introduce us!"

TOBACCO.—The Methodists, as a denomination, appear to be making open war upon the habit of using tobacco. It is stated that one of the Conferences has determined to licence no candidate for the ministry who will not forego its use in every form of personal indulgence. It is provided in the by-laws of the new Methodist University of Kansas, that no Professor shall be employed who uses tobacco.

S. P. LELAND will speak in Kirtland, Sunday, Nov. 28th; Mentor, 29th; Painesville, 30th; Madison, Dec. 1st; Geneva, 2d; Ashtabula, 3d. Kelloggsville, Sunday, 5th; Penn Line, Pennsylvania, 6th; Andover, 7th; Cherry Valley, 8th; New Lyme 9th; Colebrook 10th; Middlefield, (Weaver's Corners) 17th; Parkman, Sunday, 19th; Maple Grove, 20th; Rapids, 21st; Troy, (Pope's Corners) 22d; Auburn, 23d; Bainbridge, 24th; Chagrin Falls, Sunday 26th; Mantua, 27th; Garrettsville, 28th; (If desired write me at Parkman;) Braceville, 31st; Newton Falls, Sunday, January 2d, 1859.

It is expected that the friends in these localities will contribute to defray expenses.

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To the Friends of Human Progress.

THIS is an age of inquiry and investigation. The very elements of nature are harnessed by the hand of modern science, and forced to labor subservient to man's lordly will. The forked lightnings, that hold their midnight dances among the vapor-tinged clouds of heaven, bend meekly down to kiss our sphere and bind with an electric chain the old world with the new. The vaporous steam, that lightly floats upon the bosom of our atmosphere, is given sinews of iron, to draw our commerce from city to city and shore to shore. The very earth is opened, and on the fossilized rocks of ages found therein, we read the history of its formation. And among all these the time-honored institutions our forefathers loved and cherished, escapes not its scrutiny.

Therefore we, the undersigned, in the full confidence of Truth, extend a cordial invitation to all—of every age, sex, color, denomination and party—to meet in

CONVENTION AT CHAGRIN FALLS,

Cuyahoga County, O.,

Commencing on Monday, January 28, 1859,

and continuing three days; to discuss the merits of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. A particular invitation is given to the supporters of the divine authenticity of the Bible.

Will other papers please copy?

Signed,

S. P. LELAND,
O. L. SUTLIFF,
A. B. FRENCH,
J. E. MORRISON,
O. P. KELLOGG,
H. L. CLARK,
and others.

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BY A. J. DAVIS.

THE subscriber has just issued a new work, written a few weeks since, by Mr. Davis. In preparing his matter for the Philanthropic Convention at Utica, he wrote out several suggestive ideas respecting the Cause and Cure of Evil, or how to "overcome evil with good," which was the great question before that memorable gathering of thinkers and philanthropists. This new production is entitled

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